

3-30-1923

Connecticut College News Vol. 8 No. 20

Connecticut College

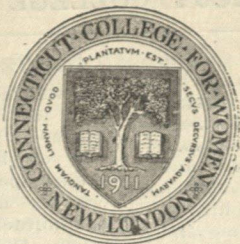
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Connecticut College, "Connecticut College News Vol. 8 No. 20" (1923). 1922-1923. Paper 10.
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SECOND ORGAN RECITAL HELD AT ST. JAMES.

Dr. Erb Presents First Program In New London.

Dr. Erb, of the Music Department, gave an organ recital at St. James Episcopal Church on Thursday evening, March 22, which was the second and last of the recitals given by Mr. Bauer and Dr. Erb for the benefit of the Endowment Fund and the St. James Choir Fund.

Since this was the first opportunity the New London people and the students have had to hear Dr. Erb at the organ, a large audience was present. Dr. Erb shows especially fine discrimination in registration, and possesses admirable command of the manifold resources of the organ. His seasoned technique on both manuals and pedals speaks eloquently of his experience gained in years of recital work as University Organist at the University of Illinois. The numbers by Dr. Coerne and Dr. Erb were especially appreciated.

The program, which was unusually well balanced, was as follows:

Bach—Toccat and Fugue in D Minor.
Coerne—Consecration, Op. 109, No. 3.
Stebbins—The Swan.

Renaud—Grand Chorus in D, Op. 123, No. 1.

Faulkes—(a) Pastorale in F Sharp Minor.

(b) Nocturne in A Flat.

Guilmant—Sonata, No. 4, in D Minor, Op. 61.

Kinder—Meditation in D Flat.

Erb—(a) Allegretto Scherzando in F Minor.

(b) Triumphant March in D Flat.

THREE GRADUATES OF C. C. ART DEPARTMENT WIN DISTINCTION.

Minneola Miller won the mid-year concour in Drawing from the Antique, at the School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. After winning the prize she was given the added honor of immediate promotion to the Life Class. It is unusual for this school to allow promotion during the course of the year.

The Art Alliance of America awarded Flora George a One-Hundred Dollar Prize for a design of a lamp-shade and base, submitted in a competition open to designers all over the country.

Helen Peale, now a student at the School of Fine Arts and Crafts in Boston, has received three Honorable Mentions from the Beaux Arts Society of Architecture of New York for architectural drawings.

ERRATUM.

The names of the temporary staff of the *News* have been incorrectly printed for the last two weeks. The regular staff had charge of the issue for March 23, and Helen Avery and Olivia Johnson were editors-in-chief and Kathryn Moss, News Editor, of the previous issue.

A. A. Holds Meeting.

A regular meeting of A. A. was held Thursday at five P. M. in the gym. President Marshall spoke about the Outing Club cabin, and presented a twenty-dollar gold piece, the gift of the Rev. J. E. Johnson, which is to be added to the fund for the cabin at Miller's Pond. Rev. Johnson has shown active interest in the Dartmouth Outing Club cabins. Due to the immediate pressure of the "Ten-Ten-Ten" campaign, a drive for the hut has been temporarily deferred. The club now has \$235 and hopes to get enough to start building in the fall.

The president of A. A. then brought up the matter of active membership in A. A. under the blanket tax system. It was voted that one may become a member of the Athletic Association by qualifying in either of the following groups:

1. Anyone who makes or has made a team at any time during her college course.

2. Anyone who has perfect attendance in gym, except regular excuses, and a mark of B, or higher for one semester.

3. Anyone who hikes twenty-five miles during the year, fifteen miles of which must be done the first semester, in hikes of not less than five miles each. In order that those who have not made teams may have an opportunity to attend the banquet this year, the following exception has been made to this rule. Anyone who hikes fifteen miles before May 26, may become a temporary member of A. A. and attend the banquet on that date, but in order to become an active member permanently, the twenty-five miles must be completed by next February. Outing Club hikes will be scheduled for those who want to complete their fifteen miles before May 26.

Plans are being made for an Alumnae-Varsity baseball game to be played on Field Day.

CONVOCATION.

Professor Jerome Davis, the speaker for the next Convocation, is a professor of sociology at Dartmouth College. He has been in Russia under three regimes. An important, recently published book by him, "The Russian Immigrant," is an accession to our library. Among his recent articles are "Americanizing the Russian," "Friends among the Children in Russia," "Religion in Soviet Russia," and "Sufferings of Russia's Cultured Classes." Professor Davis is an interesting lecturer and knows his subject thoroughly.

MRS. McCURDY A GUEST ON CAMPUS.

Mrs. William McCurdy, of Washington, D. C., was a guest on campus for several days last week. Mrs. McCurdy was formerly Miss Marian Robinson, a member of the English Department. Mr. McCurdy is at present Secretary to Judge Brandies of the Supreme Court, but has accepted a position for next year as Assistant Professor of Law in the University of Minnesota. Mrs. McCurdy will receive her Master's degree in June.

Miss Tousley Speaks On Junior Month.

Miss Tousley, of the New York Charity Organization Society, spoke to the Junior Class and any others interested Wednesday, March 21. Junior Month is not a training course in social work, but a period of observation of as many lines of social work as possible. Ten colleges have been represented and this year Goucher and Elmira have been added. All the girls live together during the month, and their expenses are paid, including carfare, if the distance is not too great.

The program for last year roughly was as follows: Three days a week the girls did case work under supervision. On the other two days there were lectures by men and women of national reputation in social work. One or two trips were taken to places which were pertinent to the question discussed in the lecture. One lecture was on the Rights of Childhood, which was followed by a trip to the Children's Court. Immigration was next taken up. This included a trip to Ellis Island where the girls were shown every process that the immigrant must pass through. After the talk on Prison Reform, Sing Sing was visited. The Chiclet factory was inspected after there had been a lecture and discussion on Industry and the Rights of the Employer and Employee. Here the students talked with the Head of the Personnel Department and found out what was being done to help the employees. They also visited the Workmen's Compensation Bureau where accident cases in the factory are brought up and discussed. A trip was made to The School of Another Chance, which is concerned with the work of the handicapped in industry. The subject of delinquent girls was studied and a visit was made to the Bedford Reformatory. One chief advantage in visiting these institutions is that the head of the school or institution personally talks with the girls who are perfectly free to ask any questions which they desire to.

The Junior to be sent from each college is selected by a Faculty-Student committee. This year the month will probably be from July 5 to August 2. Any Junior who is interested in this opportunity may talk with Mrs. Wessel or Mildred Seeley '23.

WHAT ARE WE IMBIBING?

In order to determine how the typical C. C. girl spends her time, a group of sixty girls, chosen from the four classes have been asked to keep a complete record of their activities for a period of ten days. They have been furnished with blanks upon which they check their activities every half hour, from the time they arise until they go to bed. This enquiry is being made purely for information for the college. It will be determined whether the Connecticut College student spends the greater part of her time studying or eating.

Bryn Mawr—In an intercollegiate basketball game between Bryn Mawr's Varsity and the University of Pennsylvania, Bryn Mawr won by a score of 46 to 19.

CAST CHOSEN FOR SPRING PLAY.

You Never Can Tell.

The Dramatic Club has decided to present for its Spring play this year George Bernard Shaw's *You Never Can Tell*. The scene of the three acts is laid in England at a watering place. The general outline of the plot is as follows: Mrs. Clandon, whose own up-bringing has been Victorian, is the ardent champion of all things of the twentieth century. Consequent to marital difficulties, she takes her three children, a son and two daughters, away from England and their father, and brings them up in total ignorance as to his identity. After a lapse of twenty years business reasons compel the family to return to England. It is at this point that the action of the play begins.

Add to the Clandon family a young dentist, his landlord, a family solicitor, and a silky waiter, and you have the most important members of the cast with which Shaw works out his drama.

How does it end? "You Never Can Tell."

For presentation on campus the following cast has been chosen:

Valentine Elizabeth Merry
Dolly Eugenia Walsh
Phillip Florence Bassevitch
Mrs. Clandon Helen Barkerding
Gloria Alma Davis
Maid Katherine Wells
Crampton Olivia Johnson
Macomas Eileen Fitzgerald
Waiter Alice Ramsay
Bohun Julia Warner

TEA GIVEN AT WINTHROP.

A social and tea was held Friday, March 23, from 3 to 5, in Winthrop living room. Mary T. Birch, chairman of the Executive Committee of the Student Government Association, acted as hostess to the House Fellows and House Presidents. The meeting, which was very informal, was held to "promote an atmosphere of good fellowship between Fellows and Presidents." Guests came and went during the afternoon as their classes permitted. While there was no formal entertainment, both faculty and students did their share to make it a most thoroughly enjoyable afternoon for all concerned. The external weather was decidedly unpleasant, but the genial atmosphere within Winthrop's living room more than made up for the cruelty of the weather man.

For the first hour Dean Nye officiated at the tea-table, and at the end of that time her place was taken by Miss Birch.

HARRIMAN PRIZE.

Mr. Karl E. Harriman, of Chicago, father of Eleanor Harriman '25, has offered a prize of \$25 for the best short story submitted on or before May 15. The prize will be awarded for the first time at the Commencement of 1923. At the suggestion of the donor the story should be written with a background of modern American life.

Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

Issued by the students of Connecticut College every Friday throughout the college year from October to June, except during mid-years and vacations.

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AUTO SUGGESTION.

Day by day,
In every way,
I'm getting more tired
Of Emile Coue.

His self-satisfied face leers from so many newspapers; he comes to America and lectures; the man who tells "Bed-Time Stories" over the radio remarks to the children in his drawing contest that "day by day in every way" their work is getting "better and better". We're Coue ridden. Yet from the beginning I should think it was obvious that whatever is true about his theory has been known and practiced by physicians for generations, and that the rest is mere nonsense. Depressing thoughts will wear down the body, but a nursery rhyme won't cure scarlet fever. I suppose the fundamental reasons which give him a following are that human beings are subject to illness, desire to be well, and are attracted by what seems quick and easy.

The most convincing thing which I have read during this whole Coue furor is one writer's remark that the White Queen of "Alice" anticipated the Frenchman by many years. Has not this a haunting familiarity?—

"... Now I'll give you something to believe. I'm just one hundred and one, five months and a day."

"I can't believe that!" said Alice.

"Can't you?" the Queen said in a pitying tone. "Try again: draw a long breath, and shut your eyes."

Alice laughed. "There's no use trying, she said. 'One can't believe impossible things.'"

"I daresay you haven't had much practice," said the Queen. "When I was your age, I always did it for half-an-hour a day. Why, sometimes I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast."

CONSIDER THIS.

Had the founders of our college clapped their hands in glee at the idea of having a college and then sat down in the green pastures on our hilltop to await developments, you may be very certain nothing would have hap-

pened. Their tools—derricks to the right and derricks to the left, an army of stone masons and a sea of mortar, would have rotted and dried—there among the daisies. But someone knew where gray granite grew and went forthwith to gather it. Truck after truck trundled it to the hilltop. Having the constituents, given the tools,—the will and inspiration of the founders raised the material college.

And the spiritual structure? Its elements—ideas, thoughts, convictions—are as truly the spiritual traditional substance of the college as are the gray blocks of granite the composite parts of the material institution. The *News* and The Quarterly are the tools with which Connecticut College assembles her thoughts, selects and places them to build a permanent and significant structure.

The builders of that edifice did not sit down to doze and to await developments. Their literary tools—literary derricks—did not rust and rot from lack of will and inspiration. They knew where gray matter grows and have already harvested no small bit of its contemplative fruit to build a thing of spiritual and traditional permanence.

On a more human plane—apply the importance of the written thought a bit more personally. Can you imagine going through college without ever having made a single written expression of your ideas? It would be a keen-witted, remarkable professor who could retain all your verbal works long enough to estimate their worth. Unless you were an orator of rare promise you may rest assured that your pearls of discourse would rain into oblivion.

The written thought survives and is cherished. It is the fabric of the spiritual traditional structure of our college. It is our immortality. Considering this is there any doubt in our minds that Connecticut College can and will support both the *News* and The Quarterly?

CATHERINE M. HARDWICK '24.

FREE SPEECH.

[The Editors of the *News* do not hold themselves responsible for the opinions expressed in this column.]

Dear Editor:—An open letter in the last issue of the *News* begins thus:—Connecticut College is in a rut. Now, if the whole college is in such a condition, it must naturally follow that the integral parts are in a similar state. At least, we hear from various sections of campus that one long-established institution—if we may so express it—is quite definitely mired with little prospect of rescue.

The *News*—certainly. Poor old paper with its struggling, striving hand of supporters! It has all sorts of abuse heaped on its head—a head that at its age should still be gleaming and golden instead of being distinctly sprinkled with numerous gray hairs.

Indeed, its shoulders are bent beneath the weight of adverse criticism:—"not enough humor," "news that has become history," "second rate literary material." Nothing could endure such a burden.

Without doubt you have discussed the arguments for mercifully putting a sufferer out of his misery. You are horrified at the idea as applied to this ineffectual, tottering, decrepit old paper. Yet college is supposed to show us how to face facts. If no one cares enough about the aged invalid to give it a few doses of contributions, or a few drops of praise, it might as well die now as to suffer and bring suffering through the coming years. Unless—someone will show it the way to the Fountain of Youth! '23.

WHERE THE BLUE BEGINS.

"It was midnight when he saw the lights of town, panelled in gold against a peacock sky. Acres and acres of blue darkness lay close, pressing upon the gaudy grids of light. Here one might really look at this great miracle of shadow and see its texture. The dulcet air drifted lazily in deep silent cross-town streets. 'Ah,' he said, 'Here is where the blue begins.'"

So, after his failure to find where the blue began in "that woodland suburb region called the Canine Estates," Mr. Gissing sought the city to try to soothe his restless, ever-questioning mind there. But, always, always that elusive, steady blue challenged him, beckoning him alluringly. And always he obeyed the summons until, at last, he found himself, as did the children in the "Bluebird," back in his own snug home with Bunks, Groups, and Yelpers frolicking around him.

It is the old tale of the search for the unknown, told delightfully by Christopher Morley as he saw it in the lives of Mr. Gissing and his three nephews.

LEXICOGRAPHICAL LEVITY.

I do not find the Dictionary dull. It affords me keen enjoyment. I can remember a time when I used it only with a rebellious spirit. If I came to a word I didn't know it was much pleasanter to guess at a meaning by the sense or "Ask Dad, he knows", than to go to the trouble of looking it up. Our dictionary was fixed in a stand, and to open it one pressed on springs which replied with a musical note and threw the great volume open. It was calf-bound and extremely ponderous, the kind I once called "unadulterated" before I had become an habitué in its use. It had flags of the various nations in it, and great seals of the United States and the Territories, and proper names with their meanings. It began with an engraved portrait of "N. Webster". I used to confuse him with the oratorical Daniel.

My earliest fun in using it was derived from the colored plates. That was followed by a pleasant sense of superiority I gained from using words that astonished my young friends. I offered stupendous titles for things as the Invincible Roundsey Team, when the game of roundsey was the weekly amusement of a club we had. I had something of the young Joseph in me. It pleased me to be nicknamed "Die" for Dictionary. I saw the sheaves of my brethren bowing down to my sheaf.

Now I do not employ the unabridged but broaden my knowledge by the use of the Collegiate Dictionary. That is a fine word—Collegiate. It has a certain springiness about it, suggestive of long-haired sweaters and roll-brim felt hats.

The cuts are charming. Take, for instance, this *agouti*, "any of certain rodents about the size of a rabbit." He is a sweet fellow, crouching timid-eyed, wistful-whiskered. Who would not desire one as a pet? Think how pleasant to feed it lettuce leaves or celery tops. Southeast of the *agouti* the eye catches *ahull*, "with the sails furled, and the helm lashed alee:—said of ships in a storm."—"and a wind that follows fast." What visions of storms at sea, and sea tales and poems that word can raise.

A little farther on we spy the *apteryx*, "any of a genus of New Zealand flightless ratite birds related to the extinct moas, having hair-like plumage of various shades of gray and brown. They are approaching extinction." One does not regret it.

To the B's I have no objection, but I seem, in flitting over the leaves to

have passed them by; but here I find such a grand horse wearing a "*Caparison* of the 13th Century" that I must linger over him. He looks as though he might have "printed his proud hoofs" on The Field of the Cloth of Gold, or borne Lancelot in the jousts. Are either of these proper to the 13th Century? Well, at any rate, he might have carried one of the barons to Runnymede, for Magna Charta was signed in 1215. Hurrah! I know one great date of English History!

Did you ever know that "shrimps, lobsters, crabs, etc.," belong to the *decapods*? Well, I do. It comes from

Continued on page 3, column 2.

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ALUMNAE NOTES.

Of course we met with President Marshall and heard good news of C. C. and of Endowment Fund plans. And we chatted with Dean Nye and discussed Europe with Miss Ernst. We found Miss Holmes enthusiastically planning Endowment Fund districts. We saw Miss Sherer at the "Swan and Hoop", and caught fleeting glimpses of other faculty; but time prevented more than a chance to observe that they are "the same as ever."

But the campus—oh, how changed! An evergreen forest hides the power house (all but the smokestack). Real lawn is said to be concealed beneath the snow above the trolley station. A snow toboggan slide, ephemeral though it was, invited a swift plunge from the car tracks almost to the river. A curving drive gracefully winds from Mohegan Avenue across the sweet-fern path, past the tennis courts, to New London Hall. At the foot of the drive cuddles Vinal Cottage, cosy and warm and brown, while the very highest point of the hill—the climax—is capped by the New Library.

With Special Permission we Visiting Alumnae let ourselves into the glass doors, mounted the broad stairs, and found ourselves in fairyland. Cases—cases—cases for volumes and tons of volumes—plenty of tables—an abundance of chairs—a really truly librarian's desk with all kinds of official drawers and cubby-holes and card-catalogue boxes. Upstairs, we wandered in fascinated delight from office to office and from book-stack to book-stack, until a mysterious door opened to reveal a Tudor reading-room with locked glass cases for rare books. Soft, green rugs helped to muffle our shouts of rapture when we found a great, worn, Tudor table faced by a carved bench, as the center of interest in the room. Goldilocks could never have been more exacting in her examination of the house of the three bears than were the Oldest Living Graduates upon testing the comfort of the fascinating, straight, wooden chairs which once may have upheld a Shakespeare, Marlowe or Johnson.

We cannot pause to describe the Faculty Room and other numberless attractions—for you must come to see for yourselves. Suffice it to say that when the spell of the unreal became too overpowering, a glance from the windows revealing the sound, the river or the reservoir convinced us that Mr. Palmer is not a vanishing fairy prince, but that the great stone Georgian building is a real Connecticut College Library.

LEXICOGRAPHICAL LEVITY.

Concluded from page 2, column 4.

the fact that they have ten feet, or legs. Next time I have a lobster salad I shall thank my host for the "delicious decapod."

Here's a nice word, *hyppish*, "affected with the hyps or hypochondria." I wonder did our slang of being "hipped about" a thing come from it?

Would you know what I meant if I called you *imparid*? Only "fearless." I think it beats "intrepid." It is marked "rare." It will give me an air of elegance if I use it, quite to be desired in these days when, as one of my friends has said, "the nemesis of Mediocrity" pursues us.

Ah, here's a *jaguar* clinging to a tree and looking quite unhappy about it, a good deal as Painted Jaguar might have looked while Mother Jaguar delivered her "Son, Son," while "graciously waving her tail."

Behold the kiltie, with all parts of his costume numbered, like the sections of beef in the beginning of a cook book. See how gay and debonair he is, ready to skirl his bagpipes, shake

his sporran or burst into "Lock Lomand."

Comments on words for all the letters cannot be attempted. It would be boring as well as useless. But think of the possibilities such as this, open to the seeker of the quaint—"In the third quarter of the game *succedam-cums* were entered for some of the regular players as they had suffered a considerable *sucession* from the frequent tackling."

I can think of no more appropriate ending than the paragraph given me as a dictionary exercise in the academy. The teacher refused to disclose the author. I always had my suspicions!—"And so having ignominiously circumnavigated with the most exasperating peripeteticism a subject of universal perturbation, I will graciously discontinue my anti-constitutional circumferaneousness, lest my unmindful auditors lapse into a soporific condition of innocuous quiescence."

'24.

"THE IMMORTAL GINGER COOKIE."

The ginger cookie is one of those indispensable institutions of the American home, which is taken quite as a matter of course. The cookie might be classified in its position with, for instance, the broom, the pail lid, and the mixing spoon. They are all used for the purpose for which they were made and for another purpose besides. The broom is used for sweeping, but a straw plucked from this homely object will try the cake and doughnuts to tell when they are thoroughly cooked. The lid of a pail is indispensable as a covering to its better half, but what small boy is ignorant of its virtues as a shield for a dashing young knight? The mixing spoon mixes but in the day of need it will serve as a trowel. So, also, the cookie is used for filling up the bottomless appetites of the younger generation, but its most important function is that of comforting and consoling. One difference there is between these homely kitchen utensils and the cookie; there is a romance and refinement about a ginger cookie which a broom straw can never attain.

I had just been the recipient of a box of ginger cookies from home. Discouragement had settled upon me the night of their arrival. The long, endless line of studies and duties relative to an arduous college course were weighing down upon me and the burden of an evening's work seemed almost too hard after a full day. But I was hungry, and in this state of mind I picked up a cookie. It was a round cookie, gingery and fresh. As I munched, a line of pictures passed before my eyes.

Perhaps I was a bit homesick for presently there came into my mind the stork-jar at home, pink with white birds strutting around the side. It used to stand on the second shelf in the pantry away from prying hands. Its contents was the joy of my young existence. Yes, there was the stork-jar.

Then, there was the book of "Thirty Famous Stories." King Arthur it was, who, lost in reverie in the wood-cutter's hut had let the cookies burn. There was the picture on the right-hand page, showing King Arthur with his long hair, sitting in front of the fire, lost in reverie.

A more recent picture came to mind—a blue sea dotted with white caps, green rock-bound islands, a breeze from the West, a porch with great orange nasturtiums climbing on a trellis, and a plump motherly woman bending over a bread-board, rolling out ginger cookies. How good those cookies had tasted on that island so far away.

Continued on page 4, column 1.

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CHRISTOPHER MORLEY PROFITS BY COLLEGE PAPER.

The following editorial quoted from the Randolph-Macon College publication has been utilized by the New York Evening Post as a "blurb" for "Where the Blue Begins," by Christopher Morley. It has appeared in both Mr. Morley's column, the "Bowling Green," and the Post's Literary Review.

"In spite of constant lectures, pleadings, admonitions, and threats, Randolph-Macon students persist in remaining irritatingly unoriginal. The proverbial sheep must be closely related to college people. If one girl here does a thing, every one else breaks her neck until she can do it too. Bobbed hair, earrings, vests, and "bandanas" have had successive vogues. Such fads are to be expected; we refuse to struggle against the inevitable and accordingly pass them over in silence. But to us it seems almost criminal the way we blindly copy others' taste in literature and art. Have we no originality? Last year the books which one had to read to be considered "up on modern literature" were "If Winter Comes" and "The Sheik." This year we suffer under the prevalence of "Where the Blue Begins" and "Jurgen." You well read student, have you no pride? Have you not enough initiative to read "The New-comers" when every one else reads "Babbitt," and "Rob Roy" instead of "The Boy Grew Older?" The imitative taste in pictures is almost as bad."

"THE IMMORTAL GINGER COOKIE."

Concluded from page 3, column 2.

Finally, came a room full of bewildered new Freshmen dressed as little girls and boys, a stage with swaying Mother Goose characters and the muffin man with his big tray full of ginger cookies. That was two years ago, but the memory of those cookies still lingers.

Everyone has ginger cookie memories. Perhaps they are not precisely like mine, but they are there. No wonder the ginger cookie has a halo of romance and refinement. It dates back from ages past and gone, and still it is a symbol of home, it still lingers with us and sends forth its ginger to warm the very heart of man.

E. H.

IF YOU DO NOT READ THE PAPERS.

According to the newspapers, a buyers' strike is impending. The country is in a period of inflation. Manufacturers fear a prospective slump in demand for goods, and also a growing shortage of labor.

Canada, for the first time, has completed a treaty with a foreign nation without a representative of the London Foreign Office attaching his signature to the document. The treaty was between the United States and Can-

ada, regulating halibut fishing in North Pacific waters.

A new tobacco law in Utah prohibits the sale of cigarettes, except under a heavy license. As a result, scores of "cigarette bootleggers" have been arrested recently.

"A great wave of resentment is sweeping through the mind of Japan," says the Digest, "because of the increasing discrimination against the Japanese as immigrants particularly in Australia and the United States."

A shortage in the timber supply is being felt and some plan of reforestation must be adopted. Forest fires and wasteful methods of lumbering are depleting our timber reserves seriously.

Quoted from the "Broadcaster" of the Intercollegiate Community Service Association:

In Connecticut College the I. C. S. A. chapter is but a link connecting the well established Service League of that college with the undergraduate chapters of our other colleges. The Service League continues to do its broad social work efficiently and constructively but it would be presumptuous of us to claim any credit for this admirable piece of work. The Executive Committee hopes the League is gaining some inspiration and obtaining some new ideas from being associated with us in return for the inspiration and encouragement it gives us.

EXCHANGES.

Goucher—The Junior Class of Goucher College has planned that its prom shall have no audience. Under classmen have requested not to appear in the shadowy background as watchers on the evening of the Prom.

Wellesley—Because of criticisms, Wellesley has restricted the wearing of knickers to sport purposes only. Students have been requested not to wear knickers in shops, tea rooms, or to dinner.

Vassar—The retiring staff of the Vassar Miscellany News has burst forth in spontaneous humor in its last editorial effort in the Vassar Miscellany News. Realistic accounts of the Phi Beta Kappa riot, the five-day bridge tournament which netted thousands of dollars for the Endowment Fund, the Sleeping Sickness which has caused the "faculty to flop like flies," are features of the issue.

Vassar—A concert was recently given at Vassar by the Ukrainian National Chorus and Mlle. Slobodskaja of the Petrograd Opera. The concert was a gift of one of the students.

Holyoke—The Holyoke Glee Club recently gave a joint program with the Massachusetts Agricultural College Glee Club and orchestra. Arthur Foot's "Bedouin Song," sung by the two clubs, was especially well received.

Heard in Philosophy Class: "The good people of Konigsberg would have shuddered before Kant, if they had known what was going on under his hat."

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